

The TATTLER

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and BYSTANDER

London
November 26, 1947



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THE TATLER and BYSTANDER

LONDON
NOVEMBER 26, 1947

Two Shillings
Vol. CLXXXVI. No. 2420



NOW THEY ARE MARRIED

The day to which the nation and Empire have been looking forward so eagerly has reached its climax. The wedding ceremony has just finished, and in procession to the West Door of Westminster Abbey come Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh with the pages and bridesmaids. It is the first marriage of an Heiress to the Throne for over 800 years



**"THOSE WHOM GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER
LET NO MAN PUT ASUNDER"**

"...FROM OVER THE SEA"

One of the happiest pre-wedding pictures was this of the King and Queen welcoming King Frederik and Queen Ingrid of Denmark when they arrived at Liverpool Street Station to stay at Buckingham Palace. They also received a very enthusiastic greeting from Danish residents in London. King Frederik succeeded to the throne of Denmark on the death of his father, King Christian X, last April

"THE TATLER" ROYAL WEDDING NUMBER NEXT WEEK

Next week's "Tatler" will be a special Royal Wedding Number, with colour supplement. Readers will understand that production difficulties make it impossible to advance the printing date sufficiently to include more than a few wedding pictures this week





SHOW GUIDE

Straight Plays

ALDWYCH—Peace In Our Time. Noel Coward's imaginative study of what life in Great Britain would have been like after a successful German invasion.

APOLLO—Trespass. Emlyn Williams's dramatic excursion into the supernatural with the author in the principal role, and Mary Hinton.

DUCHESS—The Linden Tree. The story of a family of today finely told by J. B. Priestley. Brilliantly acted by Dame Sybil Thorndike and Sir Lewis Casson.

CRITERION. Ruth Draper, that incomparable artist, returns to London for a short season.

FORTUNE—Fly Away Peter. J. H. Roberts, mild and mellow, in an amiable suburban comedy.

HAYMARKET—Present Laughter. Revival of Noel Coward's sparkling piece with Hugh Sinclair and Joyce Carey in her original part.

LYRIC—Edward, My Son. Tragi-comedy. Period 1919-47. By Noel Langley and Robert Morley.

LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH—The Little Dry Thorn. The Old Testament story of Abraham and Sara, beautifully written and acted by Angela Baddeley and Richard Ainley, with Alison Leggatt delightful as Lot's wife.

MERCURY—Happy As Larry. By Donagh MacDonagh. An original Irish comedy in verse, brilliantly written and acted.

NEW—The Old Vic Theatre Company in The Taming of the Shrew. with Trevor Howard and Patricia Burke. **Richard II,** with Alec Guinness.

PHOENIX—Dr. Angelus. By James Bridie. Alastair Sim as a medical murderer whose evil deeds are covered by macabre hypocrisy.

PICCADILLY—Off the Record. This naval comedy of errors is grand entertainment. Special praise for Jack Allen, Hugh Wakefield and Tom Gill for being side-splittingly funny.

SAVOY—Life With Father. The successful American comedy of family life with Leslie Banks and Sophie Stewart as father and mother.

VAUDEVILLE—The Chiltern Hundreds. A. E. Matthews, Marjorie Fielding and Michael Shepley brilliantly burlesque the political scene and the art of noblesse oblige.

WINTER GARDEN—Outrageous Fortune. Playwright Ben Travers and actors Ralph Lynn and Robertson Hare delight us yet again, as they ramble in and out of trouble with hilarious results.

WYNDHAM'S—You Never Can Tell. Spirited revival of G. B. Shaw's comedy with Rosamund John and James Donald.

With Music

ADELPHI—Bless the Bride. C. B. Cochran's light operetta by Sir A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis, with Georges Guétary, Lizbeth Webb and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.

AMBASSADORS—Sweetest and Lowest. Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

COLISEUM—Annie, Get Your Gun. Dolores Gray and Bill Johnson in another tough and melodious backwoods comedy from America.

DRURY LANE—Oklahoma! Outstanding U.S. success. It is tuneful, decorative, and moves with typical transatlantic speed and smoothness.

DUKE OF YORK'S—One, Two, Three. Binnie and Sonnie Hale and Charles Heslop play a dozen or so parts perfectly in this new revue.

GLOBE—Tuppence Coloured. Wit, sparkle and song supplied most adroitly by Joyce Grenfell, Elisabeth Welch and Max Adrian.

PALLADIUM—Here, There and Everywhere. Tommy Trinder's song and mirth show.

PRINCE OF WALES—Piccadilly Hayride. In which Sid Field with a decorative and able cast delights the eye and ear.



Bianca and Her Faithful Swains. Hortensio (Harry Andrews) disguised as a music-teacher attempts unsuccessfully to beguile Bianca (Renée Asherson) with the lute, but it is Lucentio (George Rose), as a student of philosophy, to whom she gives a flower

Anthony Cookman

and Tom Titt

At the

THE announcement that the Old Vic would open their new season with *The Shrew* was to enthusiasts "a bit of a cooler"—as Fred Leslie used to say, flinging a handful of torn-up paper into the air and shivering as the flakes came down. But the theatre is full of surprises. A comedy rather too strongly Elizabethan in its humour for ardent Shakespearians to stomach with ease has been somehow converted into a hilarious entertainment in which even the most hypersensitive of moderns may delight.

Most of the credit for this remarkable achievement belongs to the producer, Mr. John Burrell. The players, certainly a whole octet of them, deserve to be liberally sprinkled with praise, but when it is Mr. Burrell's turn the top of the sprinkler must be unscrewed.

The usual way of presenting this piece is to work it up to the highest possible speed, in the hope that the quickness of the action will deceive the ear and that the audience will have no chance to notice how much of the humour is now either beyond or beneath their comprehension. Mr. Burrell's way has been to bring a copious comic invention of his own to the business of every scene, and

he succeeds in making pretty well all the characters, even those who get practically no help from the text, as amusing as they can be.

Mr. Peter Copley has been encouraged to enliven the old joke of the servant impersonating his master with a modern burlesque of genteel manners; Mr. Harry Andrews to make something clear cut and comic of the shadowy Hortensio; and Mr. George Rose, when as Lucentio he assumes the disguise of a tutor, to cast a sidelong smile at the kind of pedagogy Shakespeare was born too soon to know.

Mr. George Relph would seem to owe least to the producer. His Grumio is his own and of a drollery that may be enjoyed but not explained. It consists of an infinite number of small touches that spring from the depths of the player's humorous personality.

MR. BURRELL also succeeds in considerably softening the brutality of the taming. This he achieves not by altering the text, or by over-fantasticating events, but simply by insisting throughout that the main action is a play within a play. It is a piece of make-believe arranged by a high-spirited Elizabethan noble-



The Drunken Tinker and His Train watch the play perched aloft in a giant bed and heartily applaud the players. (Rosalind Atkinson, the hostess of the Inn; John Garley, impersonating the tinker's wife; Bernard Miles, the tinker; Robert Perceval, a nobleman)



The Father and the Two Eligible Suitors. Baptista (Mark Dignam) listens as the resourceful Tranio (Peter Copley) impersonates Lucentio and outbids the antiquated Gremio (Cecil Winter) for Bianca's hand

BACKSTAGE



As far as London is concerned there will be a boom in pantomimes this Christmas. Kindly parents and benevolent uncles will have as many to choose from as in the old days eighty years or so ago, when central London and the inner suburban theatres offered such a bewildering variety of the traditional entertainment that *The Times* customarily devoted a full page of closely printed small type to its notices. It was that great pantomime lover Thackeray who declared that the ideal way to spend Boxing Day was to say you were ill and to stay in bed reading that delectable page from beginning to end.

It is strange that the boom should result from the new policy of the cinema circuits which, because of the shortage of films, are going extensively into pantomime production. Gaumont-British have led the way by arranging for Christmas shows at four of their biggest suburban cinemas. The pantomimes, which will play one week at each theatre in turn, comprise *Cinderella* (with Jean Kent, Derek Roy and Julia Bretton), *Dick Whittington* (Claude Hulbert, Tessa Deane, Bryan Michie and Enid Trevor), *Mother Goose* (Richard Hearn and Doris Hare), and *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*.

As I have previously mentioned Jack Hylton is producing *Little Miss Muffet* (with Evelyn Laye and Ethel Reynell) at the Davis Theatre, Croydon, while Jean Colin will appear in pantomime on the Granada cinema circuit.

It will be interesting to see what effect this cinema experiment will have on the future of Christmas pantomime which, though at various periods during its long history has been declared to be dying, triumphantly persists in its popularity.

THERE will, of course, be pantomime at many suburban theatre and variety houses, and in the West End there will be Emile Littler's *Cinderella* at the Casino Theatre and B. Montague's *Babes In The Wood* at the Princes.

Littler's *Cinderella* will be one of his most elaborate productions. In the company of between sixty and seventy artists it will have Arthur Askey, Carole Lynne and Eve Lister and Henry Lytton and Ben Wrigley as the Ugly Sisters. Lytton, by the way, is the son of the famous Savoyard who, after his retirement from Gilbert and Sullivan opera, once appeared as the Emperor in Littler's *Aladdin* at Birmingham.

TOM ARNOLD is dividing his time between supervising rehearsals of his many provincial pantomimes and completing arrangements for his mammoth circus at Harringay, which this year sets out in rivalry to the Bertram Mills show at Olympia.

He gives me some impressive statistics concerning this elaborate venture. In addition to a troupe of twenty performing elephants and Schumann's thirty horses, to say nothing of hordes of Bengal tigers, forest-bred lions and waltzing bears, there will be thirty dancing girls and forty clowns. As well as the ring there will be two stages and the music will be provided by the band of the Life Guards.

AN interesting feature of the new season of the Sadler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden is the revival of *Checkmate*, which fell out of the repertoire when the scenery and costumes were lost in Holland in 1940 during the onrush of the Germans. The setting has been re-designed by E. McKnight Kauffer, the original artist, who has not slavishly copied his own sets but has made the most of a chance (which few artists get) to have second thoughts.

MOZART's rarely heard *Idomeneo* will be presented by the Oxford University Club in the Oxford Town Hall on December 3 and 4. It will be conducted by J. A. Westrup, Heather Professor of Music and will be produced by Anthony Besch (Worcester College), who was responsible for the O.U.D.S. production of *Love's Labour's Lost* in June.

Apart from *The Beggar's Opera* in 1943 the club has not presented an opera since pre-war days. It has usually aimed at producing works not usually found in the repertoires of companies in this country.

Beaumont Kent

Theatre

man for the diversion of a bibulous tinker; and as such is naturally a somewhat boisterous affair.

THE players address themselves to Christopher Sly who is aloft on an immense bed with his mock wife beside him; and though the butt of the sportive nobleman has only a few lines in which to establish his simple good nature, Mr. Bernard Miles manages his wordless mimicry and his hearty enjoyment of all that passes so skilfully that the idea of him is there all the while. Other producers have made similar use of the tinker, but their mistake has usually been to allow him to become a separate and distracting entertainment in himself. Mr. Bernard Miles is not forever munching sweetmeats and calling lustily for pots of small ale. He is not even bemused. He follows the play with the simple enjoyment that accords with his good nature; and he helps us to enjoy it in the same spirit.

Mr. Trevor Howard's fine performance is designed to make things easy for those fastidious moderns who hitherto have made it a point of honour to take offence at the whip-cracking subjugation of Katharina by a man holding the chattel-slave theory of

"Taming of the Shrew"

(New Theatre)

marriage. His Petruchio is no bawling, overbearing bully, but a humorist who is playing the bully, showing how a man of spirit can get the better of a woman of spirit. He is, as he should be, a gentleman posing as a virtuoso in shrew-taming.

Miss Patricia Burke is the woman of spirit, acting throughout with vigour and restraint, though it is a pity, to my thinking, that she allows no hint of playful irony to peep through her final sermon on the duties wives owe their husbands. The varied pleasures of the evening are rounded off by Miss Renée Asherson's Bianca, a piquant minx who cleverly conveys that she has a great deal in common with "curst Kate," her sister.

OF late years producers have been allowed far too free a hand with Shakespeare. Formerly it was the actor who tried to keep the plays vivid and vital; latterly the producer has assumed this responsibility in too many instances. But in this instance it hardly matters how the revitalization is brought about, so long as it is brought about somehow. Mr. Burrell makes of a piece which has become a clumsy vehicle for two star actors a well-knit entertainment. Excellent!



The Shrew and Her Tamers. Katharina (Patricia Burke), shrewish and violent though she is, is no match for the taming tactics of dashing Petruchio (Trevor Howard) and his equally resourceful and eccentric henchman Grumio (George Relph)

Freda Bruce Lockhart



At The Pictures

The Photographed Play

strewn sparsely among celluloid clichés, their favourite character butchered to suit a star; and an equally emphatic "no" from habitual filmgoers who have sat wearily listening to words where they came to see pictures, oppressed by claustrophobia within three walls where they expected to be taken into wide open spaces—or at least all over the house.

There have been exceptions—*Pygmalion* was probably the most notable—where a play has been painlessly translated into terms of the cinema. But on the whole the conventions of the theatre and those of the cinema are thoroughly ill-assorted. Attempts to match them have, more often than not, made the worst of both worlds. Stage conventions are anathema to the directors, script-writers, cameramen who are striving to evolve an art-form out of the cinema, and whose final insult to a film would be to dismiss it as a photographed stage play.

CINEMA, however, is at best a mongrel art, if not a bastard art. It is at least arguable that, as an industry of mechanized entertainment, one of its legitimate functions is the reproduction of what may be called pure film in Cocteau's *La Belle et la Bête*, and Chaplin's *Monsieur Verdoux*. At the opposite extreme, Sir Alexander Korda's production of Oscar Wilde's *An Ideal Husband*, showing at the Carlton, presents the case for the photographed stage play.

The words should not be taken too literally. Korda, who both produced and directed, is too old a hand to indulge in the naive attempt to photograph a stage production (as an Italian company last year filmed an opera in action, complete with tonsils and tummies). *An Ideal Husband* is his production of Wilde's play. The film is Korda's medium, and he has made the play conform to its primary requirement: that the actors should not be seen all the time in the same perspective, but as part of a moving picture. He has had the intention at least of photographing Wilde's play; or, strictly, of producing Wilde's play—and not a film based on a synopsis of the play—and of recording his own production in a form one degree nearer permanence than a stage producer can hope to achieve for his work. But there is never any doubt that the play is the thing, with all its epigrams and artificialities, transfixed in a period setting near enough for relevance, just remote enough for the most poignant nostalgia.

Having accepted the unusual principle of respect for his author, Korda himself has benefited by the discipline. Wilde's irreverent wit provides an outlet for the vein of sophisticated facetiousness which, for me, has always marred even Korda's most praised pictures. Taking Wilde's characters out and about a bit into the park for a splash of Edwardian spectacle, he has done them no injury, though the bright tan of Rotten Row and the captions which introduce each actor lead us to fear rather more of a circus than the film proves.

The screen play (by Lajos Biro, one of Korda's original team) seems to me a model of adaptation. In the first three acts, the necessary minor operations have been performed with delicacy and a minimum of pain; scarcely a scar is visible, except at the curtain of each act, where the dramatic structure of the original is too firm to be smoothly demolished and bridged over. Only in the last act does the film take justifiable advantage of its greater freedom of movement and show us the action (Sir Robert's speech in the House) which on the stage is only told in indirect narration.

A few of the more vicious gibes at English institutions seem to have been discreetly omitted even though they would not have been quite out of date. (I thought I missed Lady Markby's: "Now that the House of Commons is trying to be useful it does a great deal of harm.") But that is preferable to the contrary practice of ramming home every line which might raise a topical laugh at the cost of illusion. To eliminate Wilde's most stilted extravagances, almost guaranteed to get a worse kind of laugh from film audiences, was only judicious.

MORE regrettable is the blunting—presumably out of regard for the regiments of female filmgoers—of Wilde's anti-feminism; regrettable because it makes Miss Diana Wynyard's task as that too-perfect paragon of a wife, Lady Chiltern, even more difficult than Wilde made it. Miss Wynyard is unlucky (nor has she been too kindly photographed), for Oscar Wilde's dialogue gives the other members of the cast opportunities not provided by the usual additional dialogue writers. As Sir Robert, Mr. Hugh Williams is the very pattern of the distinguished young Minister, living out the precarious problem of morals versus politics and threatened with exposure of a juvenile lapse of his own. Miss Paulette Goddard seems to me to justify for once the practice of importing a popular American star to play an English part and inserting a line to explain away her laudable but not-quite English accent. Perhaps the blackmailing diplomatic adventuress, Mrs. Cheveley, should have a shade more genuine elegance. But I cannot think of an English screen actress who could have given her the same spirit and brazen, spiteful wit as Miss Goddard—who

also wears Cecil Beaton's ravishing costumes with an air some of the English young ladies merely decorating the scene could profitably imitate.

PHYSICALLY, Miss Glynis Johns is not exactly Wilde's "apple-blossom type" of English prettiness. But her performance has exactly the right "fascinating tyranny of youth, and the astonishing courage of innocence" which Wilde demanded of his ingénue, Mabel. Sir Aubrey Smith as an ancient English aristocrat is always perfect, but it is very long since he was given material for so rich a sketch. As for Mr. Michael Wilding, his dandy-philosopher, Lord Goring, is so much more distinguished a performance than his previous film work has ever hinted he might give, that I feel he owes a special debt of thanks to Oscar Wilde.

The colour is oddly disappointing for so elegant a production, although Mr. Beaton's costumes enchant the eye. Technicolor in British films of this quality tends to be less garish than in Hollywood. But here we are back among the old faults of focus, the blue-green parks and Guards' scarlet tunics more red than real life.

Considered as a contribution to the evolution of the cinema, or even to the growth of British films, *An Ideal Husband* gets us nowhere. It is quite sterile. But the pleasure of seeing so accomplished a play performed by so attractive a cast, and the unaccustomed delight of listening to dialogue which does not have to be half-drowned by background music, go far towards persuading us to accept the photographed play as at least a secondary branch of the legitimate cinema.



CARTOONS are an authentic offshoot, but one which is in real danger of decaying for want of fresh inspiration. Two recent offerings, one French and one British, have all the dreary vulgarity to which we are accustomed from the latter-day Disney and his American imitators.

British Animated Productions (of whose work I saw one sample called *Fun Fair* last week) confess to being only beginners. But they are beginning at the wrong end by modelling themselves, as the others do, on the very dregs of Disney, without reference to the wit of Mickey and Minnie Mouse or to the lyricism of the early Silly Symphonies.

It must be ten years since two young British artists, Gross and Hopper, made in France an enchanting animated line-drawing, most appropriately named *Joie de Vivre*, which even then promised welcome competition to the Disney monopoly. They came to Denham where, I believe, they made their second joyous cartoon about a fox-hunt along the Great West Road. No work of theirs has apparently been shown here since 1939. But they had qualities of wit and gaiety, distinction and originality, for want of which the film cartoon is dying.

**PAT
KIRKWOOD**

Pat Kirkwood stars with Vic Oliver and Fred Emney in *Starlight Roof*, that fast moving new show at the London Hippodrome which is stimulating to both the eye and ear. The Hippodrome is a lucky theatre for Miss Kirkwood, who made such a success there in *Black Velvet* also with Vic Oliver, and *Let's Face It*. Her vivacious personality and accomplished singing voice, together with an exceptionally attractive appearance lends itself to the medium of revue, but Pat Kirkwood has also appeared in a number of films, pantomime and musical comedy with equal success. She was born and educated in Manchester, and made her first stage appearance in 1936 at the Argyle Theatre, Birkenhead, in a variety act. Her first London appearance was in *Cinderella* at Princes Theatre in the following year. She swims, rides and plays squash



Photograph by Fred Daniels

The Twenty-First St. Andrew's Ball



H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, the guest of honour, talking with the Earl of Morton



Miss S. MacEachen, Flag-Lt. W. Walker, of the U.S. Navy, and Miss Yvonne Abdy from Australia



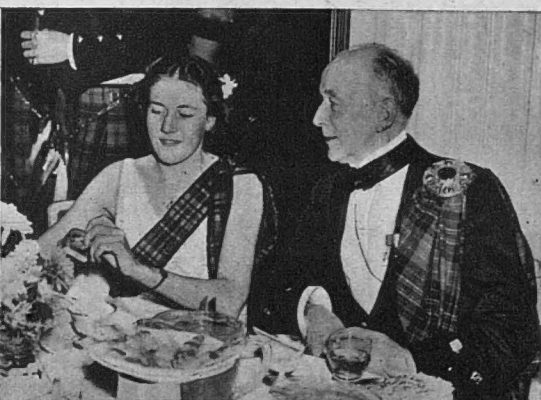
Mr. R. H. Cooper, Princess Nulifer of Hyderabad, and Prince Osman at Grosvenor House



Mrs. MacDonald and Mr. A. G. Reid. The ball was in aid of the Royal Free Hospital



Mr. Brodrick Chennery-Haldane and Mrs. Michael Bristow were two more of the guests at this very successful event



Mr. J. R. MacDonald and his wife. The Scottish Women's Hospital Memorial Association organised the ball



Miss Pollock and Mr. Bobby Temple enjoying a supper-table conversation



Lt. O'Connor, Lt. W. Sterling and Mr. Douglas Pirie in three versions of Scots dress



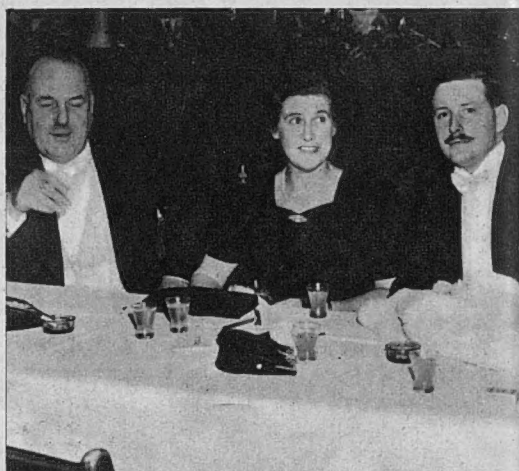
Mr. Hawkins and Miss Joyce take time off for refreshment during the dance



Col. W. T. and Mrs. Pares. The ball was held in the Corn Exchange, Bedford



Mr. Jack Frossell and Miss Pollard were also among the large company present



Mr. J. M. Martin, Mrs. Elliot and Mr. A. Martin at the joint Hunt Ball held by the Bucks Otter Hunt and North Bucks Beagles

A Joint Hunt Ball
at Bedford

Wedding of Miss Janet Attlee



General Spyropulo, Military Attaché, H.E. Leon Melas, the Greek Ambassador, and Capt. B. Kyris, Naval Attaché



Mons. G. Vasieliadi, a member of the Greek Parliament, and his niece, Mrs. M. Soar, at the reception at Claridge's



Mme. B. Rossolimos, wife of the best man, and Mons. B. Androulis. The wedding was at the Greek Church, Bayswater



Swags

The bride and bridegroom, M. Evangelos Averoff, of Athens, and Mlle. Dina Lykiardopulo, daughter of M. and Mme. P. N. Lykiardopulo, of 10, Lowndes Square, S.W.1



Miss Janet Attlee, eldest daughter of the Prime Minister, after her wedding to Mr. Harold Shipton, of Shrewsbury, at Ellesborough Parish Church, Bucks. With them is Mr. Attlee and the bridegroom's mother



The three bridesmaids, Miss Joan Shipton, Miss Felicity Attlee and Miss Alison Attlee, arriving at the church. Jennifer describes the wedding on page 267



Mrs. Attlee, wife of the Prime Minister, who afterwards gave a reception at Chequers



Mrs. Winston Churchill who, with two of her daughters, was among the guests



Miss Georgette de Hart arriving at St. Margaret's, Westminster, for her wedding to Sir John Carden, Bt., son of the late Sir John V. Carden, and of Lady Carden, Carcarden House, Camberley, Surrey. She is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Robert de Hart, and of Mrs. de Hart, of Brook Street, Mayfair

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

IN the week before her wedding, H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, wearing a white satin evening dress and long white kid gloves, honoured with her presence the Flower Ball at the Savoy, which was organised by Miss Rosemary Buller in aid of that very deserving cause St. Loyes College for the training and resettlement of the disabled. The Ball certainly lived up to its name, with vases of mixed flowers everywhere. These had been quite beautifully arranged by Miss Sheila Mathieson, who has just finished her training and is now taking up flower-decoration as a profession.

Everyone had hoped that Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten would accompany his fiancée to the Ball, but he was dining with his uncle and aunt, Earl and Countess Mountbatten of Burma, who had only returned from India the day before. Princess Elizabeth was in a large party, including the Earl of Mexborough and his sister, Lady Sarah Savile, who was Chairman of the Ball, the Hon. Deirdre Savile, Lady Caroline Montagu-Douglas-Scott, Lord Dunboyne, and her lady-in-waiting, Lady Margaret Egerton. H.R.H. danced first with the Earl of Mexborough, and later joined in an eightsome reel. The enthusiasm for this first reel was so great that the floor was far too crowded.

Earl and Countess Fortescue brought a large party, and others I noticed dancing were the Hon. Mariegold Fitzalan-Howard, Miss Elizabeth Buxton, Miss Pauline Oliver, gay and vivacious in black, Lady Cecilia FitzRoy, Mr. Humphrey Humphries, Miss Diana Garle, very pretty in white, Mr. Philip Briant, Miss

Frances Leveson, just over from New York, dancing with Mr. Patrick Matthews, the Earl and Countess of Devon, the Earl of Dalkeith, Miss Jane Whitelaw, Mr. Edward Boylan, Mr. David Quick, Major and Mrs. Buller, Mrs. Marigold and Miss Bridget Lakin.

Before the ball I went to the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, where the Sadler's Wells Ballet have begun their season. They opened with that enchanting ballet *Giselle*, in which the inimitable Margot Fonteyn danced superbly. Her dancing and acting in the "mad" scene were quite marvellous. This ballet was followed by the colourful *La Boutique Fantasque*, in which Harold Turner gave a fine performance. The house was crowded right to the ceiling.

WEARING the most lovely wedding dress, designed by Pierre Balmain, of white satin embroidered with pearls, and a tulle veil held in place with a head-dress of lilies, Miss Georgette de Hart made an exceptionally pretty bride when she married tall Sir John Carden at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride followed the attractive custom, seldom seen at weddings in England, of wearing white kid gloves as she walked up the aisle with her brother-in-law, the Chilean Ambassador, Señor Manuel Bianchi, who gave her away. She was attended by one bridesmaid, Sir Ronald and Lady Cross's third daughter, Susanna, who wore a long white dress with a crimson sash, and crimson velvet bows in her hair.

After the ceremony there was a reception at the Chilean Embassy, where the guests were

received by the bride's mother, Mrs. Gloria de Hart, wearing a little velvet hat with her mink coat; beside her stood the bridegroom's good-looking mother, Lady Carden, and the Chilean Ambassador. Mme. Bianchi, in brown, with her lovely mink coat, was near by, greeting friends with her little three-year-old son, Billy, who was very excited and thoroughly enjoying the party.

AMONG those who came to wish the young couple every happiness were the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the latter in black and wearing the most wonderful flower-design diamond brooch at the high neckline of her dress, and Sir Ronald and Lady Cross, who were accompanied by their two elder daughters and the baby, five-year-old Karina, who was born in Australia while Sir Ronald was High Commissioner there. Major and Mrs. Christie Miller, the latter very chic wearing an emerald-green hat with her black coat, were telling friends about their recent trip to America. Another returned traveller from the States I met was Mr. Patrick Forbes, who has now started on another book.

M. Manuel Bianchi, Junior, had flown back from Sweden for the wedding, and was with his attractive wife and two of their small sons. Others I saw were the Dominican Minister and Mme. Pastoriza, the Venezuelan Ambassador and Mme. Oropesa, the Mexican Ambassador and Mme. Jimenez O'Farrill, looking very smart in black, the Belgian Ambassador's wife, Vicomtesse Obert de Thieusies,

Sir Bede Clifford and his three daughters, Mr. Patrick Telfer-Smollett, Princess Galitzine, Major and Mrs. Howard Kerr, the latter looking nice in a fur hat and coat, Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys, the Countess of Middleton in black, Kathleen Duchess of Rutland with Lord Roger Manners, who was best man, and his brother John, and Mr. Andrew Wemyss, who told me he is now out of the Army and working in the City.

The bride looked charming when she left for her honeymoon in the country wearing a brick-red suit trimmed with black fur, and a little black velvet cap.

QUEEN MARY, looking remarkably well and wearing a small diamond tiara with her evening dress and coat, was received by Lady Annaly and sat in the flower-bedecked Royal Box of the Leicester Square Cinema for the premiere of *The Woman in the Hall*, given in aid of the Union Jack Club. In the box with Her Majesty were the Hon. Margaret Wyndham, Major the Hon. John Coke and Brigadier Norman Gwatkin. Looking at the hundreds of Lady Annaly's friends in the audience, it was easy to see how hard she had personally worked as chairman to make the premiere a tremendous success. It was one of the brightest scenes I remember at one of these functions, for not only was the theatre beautifully decorated with chrysanthemums, but the audience sitting around the gracious and stately figure of the Queen Mother was the best-dressed I have seen for months. It also included many members of the three Services in uniform, and the programme started with a medley of music played by the band of the Royal Military School of Music, also in uniform.

Lady Annaly's only son, the Hon. Luke White, who is in the R.A.F., was in uniform and had a party of young friends with him. Others I noticed in the audience were the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, and the Hon. Mrs. Langton Iliffe, wearing black, in a party which included the Countess of Ronaldshay, looking very pretty in white. Lady Hamond - Graeme had Lady Hague and Viscountess Maitland with her. Lady Maitland has just come to live in London and taken a house in Sloane Court. Sir George Franckenstein, Sir Jocelyn Lucas, Mrs. Warren Pearl, Lord and Lady Buckhurst, Beatrice Lillie, Mr. Arthur and the Hon. Mrs. Rank, Lady Moore Guggisberg, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Denys Lowson and Sir Herbert Morgan were others I noticed in the audience which must have helped considerably to swell the funds of the Union Jack Club.

WIVES of the Ambassadors and Ministers of many countries were selling at their stalls during the wonderful one-day Autumn Fair, which was held under the chairmanship of Lady Dalrymple-Champneys and the distinguished patronage of the Corps Diplomatique in aid of that very good cause the Victory (Ex-Services) Club Fund, for which Mrs. Attlee, who is President of the ladies' committee of the Fund, has worked so hard. The Fair was opened in the morning by Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, who in his speech said what a wonderful thing for the ex-Servicemen of all the Services the club was. In the afternoon H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, looking radiant in a fur-trimmed coat and small black hat, and carrying a bouquet of pink roses and mauve orchids, visited the Fair and was escorted around the stalls by Lady Dalrymple-Champneys and Mrs. Attlee.

Among those I met helping at the stalls were Mme. Verduynen, who was at the Netherlands stall, and Mme. Moniz de Aragao, the Duchess of Palmella and the Marquesa de Santa Cruz, who were busy at another stall where they sold tins of all sorts of delicious things and some fine wines and liqueurs. At the Norwegian stall, where Mme. Prebensen, looking lovely in her national costume, officiated, they sold such varied treasures as lovely blue fox furs, tablets of soap and aluminium cooking utensils. There was a big crowd all day around the United States stall, which had been organised by Mrs. Sullivan and Mrs. Lewis Douglas, who, alas, was ill and unable to be present on the day, but she had a very able deputy in Mrs. Ackerman, who, with the aid of Mrs. David Thomasson, Mrs. Bill Johnson, and several other American ladies, did wonderful business. Mme. Cheng and her daughter and Mme. Phang I noticed very busy at the Chinese stall, while the Countess Reventlow was selling some very pretty painted things on the Danish stall.

Mrs. Washington Singer and Mrs. Alice Edwards had many attractive things on their stall, including two interesting pictures, one painted by the late Sarah Bernhardt, the actress, and another of delphiniums painted by the actor Ernest Thesiger, which quickly sold for 25 guineas.

THE little church at Ellesborough, in Buckinghamshire, which was decorated with huge vases of pink chrysanthemums, was crowded when the Prime Minister led his eldest daughter, Miss Janet Attlee, up the aisle for her marriage to Mr. Harold Shipton. The bride looked very attractive wearing a dress of white brocade with a magnificent Brussels lace veil which her mother had bought at an Aid to China sale some months previously. There were three bridesmaids, Miss Felicity Attlee and Miss Joan Shipton, wearing pale pink brocade dresses, and Miss Alison Attlee, who wore an identical dress in pale blue, with matching ostrich-feather head-dresses.

The singing, especially of the anthem during the signing of the register, was quite beautiful. The choir was composed of girls from Hampden House school, who not only sang superbly, but also looked so neat and happy in their uniforms of grey flannel suits and grey felt hats.

The Prime Minister and Mrs. Attlee, who looked charming in a grey dress with a feather-trimmed halo hat, and a spray of pink carnations on her corsage, received the guests at the reception at Chequers, where I saw many Members of Parliament. These included Sir Stafford Cripps, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Lady Cripps, who was wearing a black felt beret with her black fur coat. The good-looking Lord Chancellor was with Lady Jowitt, very chic in her favourite shade of purple. Mr. A. V. Alexander and his wife were chatting to Mrs. Ernest Bevin, who looked very smart wearing a pale pink hat with her grey fur coat. She had come without the Foreign Minister, who had gone to Bristol, where he was speaking that night. Lord Addison was looking fit and well after his travels. Mr. and Mrs. Strachey were chatting to Mr. Noel Baker; Mr. Shinwell, who arrived late at the church, was accompanied by Mrs. Shinwell.

ALSO at the wedding were Mrs. Winston Churchill, wearing a gay red feathered hat and accompanied by her daughters Sarah and Mary, the former looking most attractive

in one of the new striped ribbon hats with scarf to match; Mr. Romer Topham and his very pretty wife; Mme. Phang talking to Mr. Robert Attlee, and the Prime Minister's young son Martin, who was in Naval uniform. After the wedding cake was cut and the health of the bride and bridegroom proposed by Mr. Thomas Attlee, I went upstairs to see some of the lovely presents. These included a silver tea-set from their Majesties the King and Queen, and a lovely dinner-service from Queen Mary, a magnificent Chinese coat from the Chinese Ambassador and Mme. Cheng, and a very nice tea-service from Sir Stafford and Lady Cripps. When the young couple left for their honeymoon the bride wore a fox fur over her blue suit, and a blue ribbon hat to match.

Sir John Carden is, the seventh Baronet. He succeeded his father, the tank expert, in 1935



Susanna Cross (seated), daughter of Sir Ronald and Lady Cross, was a bridesmaid at the Carden-de Hart wedding. She is seen with her sister Karina

THE MARCHIONESS OF TWEEDDALE was chairman of a very successful ball in the Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh, to raise funds for the Scottish Unionist Association. The ball concluded a campaign for the Association by Cdr. Mark Kerr which included a brains trust, bridge drive, whist drive, and a sale and market which was opened by the Countess of Haddington, looking very pretty wearing a black hat trimmed with ostrich feathers with her black suit. This sale alone raised the splendid sum of £2500. Over 700 tickets were sold for the ball, and among others who brought parties were Lord and Lady Dunglass, the Earl and Countess of Haddington, Col. Thorburn, the Lord-Lieutenant of Peeblesshire, and Mrs. Thorburn, Sir William and Lady Darling, Mrs. Baistow, of Wedderburn Castle, Lady Susan Askew, Lady Wakehurst and Lady Alexandra Howard-Johnstone. Another large party came from H.M.S. Implacable, which had just arrived in Rosyth, and they quickly seemed to grasp the intricacies of the Scottish dances which were included in the programme.

EILEEN JOYCE, the Australian pianist, is, I hear, to be the soloist at the Albert Hall on December 6th, when Sir Malcolm Sargent will be conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in an all-Tschaikowsky programme in aid of the Printers' Pension Corporation.

Many people will also want to help that most gallant service the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, who are holding a dance at the Savoy Hotel on December 11th to raise funds. There is to be an excellent cabaret and Carol Gibbons' band will play. Tickets, which are only £1 15s., can be obtained from the Countess Howe, Lady Tichborne, or Mrs. Malcolm Mackenzie at 42, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.

Two other dates to remember are December 3rd and 4th, when Lady Woolton is holding the Christmas Cracker Bazaar at the May Fair Hotel in aid of the National Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs. H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent has promised to visit the Bazaar on the 3rd, when there will be Christmas presents of all kinds on sale at clearly-marked stalls with such original names as "Family Favourites," which Lady Woolton and Mrs. Walter Elliot are running with the help of Lady Anderson, Lady Irene Astor and Lady Burnham; the "Presents for Fathers and Uncles" stall, which Baroness Ravensdale is running with Lady Strathcona and Mrs. Buchan Hepburn. Lady Joan Hope and the Scottish Association of Girls' Clubs and the Association of Country Clubs are running the "Presents for the Children" stall.

Cubbing in Sussex with the Crawley and Horsham



Col. and Mrs. F. H. Sutton at the meet at the Kennels, West Grinstead, Sussex



Mr. J. L. Dalrymple with Mrs. H. G. Gregson, of Warnham, Horsham, who is the Master



Mr. F. Sprinks, Mrs. R. Gander and Fred Mills, the terrier man, with three terriers

Opening Meet of the Old Berkeley (East) near Chesham, Bucks



Miss Jacqueline Huxley and Miss Machen discuss the day's prospects



Mrs. Anthony Sewell and Miss Rachel Hodge, who also enjoyed the runs to Long Wood and Flaunden



The Master, Major S. G. R. Barratt. The meet was at the Joint Services Staff College, Latimer House



Mrs. Norman Foster, Miss Block and Col. Foster, with Andrew Foster, watching the meet



Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Douglas-Pennant. Admiral Douglas-Pennant is Commandant of the Staff College



Miss Rosemary Barratt arriving with Miss Roberts Brown. There was a field of 150, and others followed on foot

Services Honours at a Recent Investiture



Capt. W. S. Jameson, of Grasmere, Westmorland, with his wife and daughter after receiving the C.B.E.



Major Shaw, of Pinner, leaving Buckingham Palace after receiving the D.S.O. With him is his wife



His wife and daughter accompanied Brig. Neville Mitchell, of Newbury, Berks, another recipient of the C.B.E.



S/Ldr. W. J. Gregory, D.F.C. and Bar, D.F.M., awarded the D.S.O., seen with his wife and baby daughter, Jo Ann



W/Cdr. Archer and his wife, who came from Nottingham. The Wing-Commander had been awarded the D.S.O.



S/Ldr. Butler, of Bargate, Grimsby, who received the D.S.O. and D.F.C., with his wife and small son

Lady Anthony Meyer's Children's Party at Sunningdale



Ashley Meyer, son of the hostess, has an absorbing discussion with the Hon. Virginia Carrington



Pippin Partington (left), Carolyn-Clare Meyer, Emma Laycock and Annette Worsley-Taylor on the roundabout. The party was held at the home of Mrs. Charles Knight, Lady Meyer's mother



Giles Townshend, son of W/Cdr. Peter Townshend, pulls a cracker with the Hon. Alexandra Carrington

Swaebe



At the Diplomatic stall: Mme. Lafronze, Ecuador, Mlle. Moniz de Aragao, Brazil, the Duchess of Palmella, Portugal, and the Marquesa de Santa Cruz, Spain



The Marchioness of Carisbrooke and Mme. Verduynen, of the Netherlands, at the Netherlands stall. The Fair was in aid of the Victory (Ex-Services) Club



H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent at the Fair, which was held at the Dorchester



Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, who opened the Fair, with Field-Marshal Lord Chetwode and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, chairman of the Fair committee

The Autumn Fair



Lt. R. S. Ferrand, 60th Rifles, Miss Susan Holt, Mrs. Birley, Mr. Birley, Mrs. Booth, Mr. Booth, Mr. Arthur Dalgety and Miss Jennifer Holt

At the Southdown Hunt Ball



Mr. R. Mayhew, Mrs. Mayhew, Mr. Jasper Grinling, Mrs. P. Cazley, Mr. John Mountain and Mrs. R. Bromley



Mr. C. Sugden, Lady Shawcross, wife of Sir Hartley Shawcross, the Attorney-General, Mrs. Sugden and Mr. R. Peat



Mr. Michael Kelly, Lady Maureen Le Poer Trench, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Clancarty, Miss D. Lennard, Capt. D. Barnes, Mrs. A. M. Kerr, Major John Tetley, Miss B. Kelly, Mr. Tim Birch, Miss Angela Kelly, and Mr. Patrick Tetley



Capt. Ian Henderson, Royal Horse Guards, Mrs. Ian Henderson, who is the daughter of Lady Rosabelle Brand, and Viscount Gage

Hamblins

Priscilla in Paris

Lorgnette Occasions

THERE have been too many new plays recently. One gets *une petite indigestion*! But I most definitely did not regret climbing into a long skirt for the première of Jean-Pierre Aumont's *Empereur de Chine*. Let me explain about this long-frock business. In the old days dramatic critics, together with what is known as *le tout Paris*, were invited to the public dress-rehearsal. These functions were nearly always delightful, a "between-friends" affair, and we dressed for them.

Since the war, however, thanks to various new writers, who may have been fine Résistants but who are poor pen-pushers, and whose criticisms are more destructive than constructive, theatrical managements have become wary. The critics, the gossip-writers and the Press in general are only invited to the third or fourth performance, by which time the play has more or less run itself in, and the reactions of the less-captious, every-evening audience, that is usually easier to please than the habitual first-nighters, have a lenitive influence on the professional carpers. This is not a bad idea from the standpoint of judging a play, but it has put the lid on sartorial elegance and the delightful charm of social intercourse.

It was, therefore, not in a Press capacity but as a Perfect Lady, complete with lorgnette, that I went to the première of Jean-Pierre's charming comedy at the Mathurins and mingled with the friends and celebrities who had invitations and the first-performance amateurs who had bought their tickets and intended to enjoy themselves.

It was quite like old times, except, alas, that so many familiar faces have disappeared. There were the loveliest frocks. Beautiful Maria Montez was as gorgeous in black as only a redhead can be, and wore a superb ermine coat. She had managed to postpone her departure for Hollywood in order to be present at her husband's première, and during the interval she held a farewell party in the foyer. Few young lovelies from cinema-land have so endeared themselves to Parisians, and we are hoping that her husband will one day write a comedy for "self-and-wife."

Another tails-and-shoulders première was at the Arts. There were Excellencies by the dozen to applaud Mme. Suzanne Lilar's play, *All Roads Lead to Heaven*. But then, in private life, Mme. Lilar is the wife of the Belgian Minister of Justice, and Mme. Hélène Vercors, the leading lady, is Mme. Pierre Bourdan: so noblesse (or do I mean democracy?) obliged. This was a well-written play, but it took an awful long time for the road to reach heaven.

I spent one of my happiest evenings this week at the Alhambra on the opening night of the Monte Carlo Ballet, which is now under the management of the Marquis de Cuevas. When I saw this famous company at Nice last year I was disappointed by the *ensembles*, which were poor compared to the brilliant *premiers sujets*, but since then Mme. Bronislava Nijinska—sister of the great Nijinski—has become ballet mistress, and the result is magnificent. The Monte Carlo Ballet is really an international ballet. In the company there are sixteen French girls and boys, fifteen Russians, four Americans, two Poles, and one Swiss. The *danseuse étoile*, Marjorie Tallchief, is of American-Indian descent. Another *première danseuse*, the fifteen-year-old Etherie Pagava, is a Georgian. Jenny Russel is English, and Lily An Oka is Japanese. I can hardly remember the number of times I have seen *Les Sylphides*, but George Skibine and his lovely young wife, Marjorie Tallchief—they were married when the company was at Vichy this year—thrilled me in the valse, and his mazurka also was a grand solo performance. During the war George Skibine was with the First U.S. Army and fought through the Italian campaign. I met his pretty mother during the interval, who told me of her joy when her boy arrived in Paris. She had not seen him for five years.

I also came across C. B. Cochran, over for a few days' holiday and as appreciative of the show as if he had never set foot in a theatre. He was full of the sensational dinner he had enjoyed "chez Maxim's" with the Marquis de Cuevas and tickled to death at the fact that, for quite a while, Albert failed to recognise him.

Albert, of Maxim's, knows the whole world, and when he cannot put a name to a face that is famous he is the most miserable man alive. He quizzed and puzzled and, suddenly, the light broke. "But Monsieur Cochran is so much slimmer, so much younger!" he cried, as he beamed upon him—and indeed Albert is right.

I MET another old friend that evening, Leonora Lopez, who was known in London as Léonora la Bella when she starred under Sir Alfred Moul's management at the Alhambra. She is as lovely as ever and so witty. She now runs a small beauty parlour in Paris with a picked clientèle, to which she attends personally.

I wish I had more space to write of the whole programme of the Monte Carlo Ballet, of which the *Variations de Brahms*, with its exquisite colourings and harmonious choreography by Nijinska, is especially enchanting. But London will probably see it next spring.

Voilà!

● Mrs. Maud B. D—— lives alone in a charming villa somewhere in the Pyrenees. She is somewhat deaf, and a friend insists that she should have someone stay in the house at night for fear lest she be "assassinated without hearing it"! "My dear," answers Mrs. D——, "I don't mind not hearing it. It's feeling it that would worry me!"



The Hon. H. A. Wyndham, chairman of the Society, and Mario Rossi, the Orchestra's conductor



Signor Grillenzoni, the organiser, and Signor Neri, the Italian radio correspondent, at the Dorchester



Dr. Zoffrani, Director of Programmes for the Italian radio, talking to members of the Orchestra



Mario Rossi with Mrs. Roger Ellis and Mrs. Graham Rawson at the cocktail party given by the British Italian Society to mark the visit of the Turin Symphony Orchestra to Britain



The Turin Orchestra
is Welcomed



Guests dancing the Palais Glide during the Ball, which was held at the Athenæum, Bury St. Edmunds. There was a large attendance, and many members of neighbouring hunts also enjoyed the very entertaining evening

"The Tatler" goes to—

THE SUFFOLK HUNT BALL AT BURY ST. EDMUNDS



Major and Mrs. V. Daniel and Miss Kit Misa, daughter of Major and Mrs. Harry Misa



Capt. H. N. Lake and Miss J. Denham-Armour enjoying one of the dances



Mr. R. B. Taylor, Joint-Master of the Suffolk, and Mrs. R. B. Roberts



Mr. A. K. Motion (Joint-Master, Essex and Suffolk), Mr. F. de Paula, Mr. Peter Chevallier (Joint-Master with Mr. Motion), Col. H. E. Hambro, Mrs. C. Soher, Mrs. Peter Chevallier and Mrs. F. de Paula



Mrs. Louis Strauss, Mr. F. W. Gascoyne, Mr. Louis Strauss and Mr. Robin Gosling were also among the guests



Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Harrison and Major and Mrs. J. Ward-Harrison watch the dancing



Major T. Dearbergh, Capt. and Mrs. T. Home and Mrs. T. Dearbergh sitting out



Mr. A. Qvist, Mrs. K. Feild, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. G. Incledon-Webber and Mrs. C. Oakes



As the evening wore on many communal dances were introduced, and the Hokey-Cokey proved a most exhilarating number

Photographs by Swaebe



Decorations by Wysard

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing By ...

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE (as one of Auntie *Times's* more grown-up readers has pointed out) once demonstrated that a quart of hot water is "more than enough to clean a person." He might have added that in Miss Nightingale's period 75 per cent. of males of the Race dodged washing altogether by wearing beards.

Ninety per cent. of the female population then believed, like the sea-cook in the Jacobs story, that the cooking kept them clean. There were of course no bathrooms in Mayfair or Belgravia. Now and again footmen dragged a hip-bath upstairs under protest, muttering "Ay say, Chawles!" and "A blawsted himposition, Jeames!" In fact the Race of the Crimean period didn't like washing any more than a Minister of Fuel and Power does, and maybe the Race was right. Washing is a dirty medieval trick.

The popularity of that discovery by Miss Nightingale (a very great woman, by the way) led incidentally to Tennyson's wellknown criticism of the average English Rose:

A Lady with a Skimp shall stand,
The type of noble, good,
But halfwashed Womanhood.

And that, children, was how we met your great-grandmamma, Grimy Gertrude.

Clink

As Sir Charles Petrie remarked with deadly accuracy in the *New English Review* recently, these islands are now a concentration-camp, with such familiar features as the control of correspondence by "Enforcement Officers" with X-ray apparatus, the control of labour by what Honest Abe Lincoln would recognise as Fugitive-Slave Laws, and the control of interior movement by petrol-regulations and curtailed railway facilities.

Whether the Secret Police is recruiting *agentes-provocatrices* for general purposes of exquisite allure, like those who go round trapping weakminded grocers, we haven't yet discovered. Actually Titian hair and green eyes are not essential. The Race is a trifle nervous of beauty. We suggest to Whitehall the employment of more homely pussies. The celebrated secret agent known to the Foreign Office boys some years ago as Frowsy Flo, or F. 57, is the type. Where flaming lovelies failed to get the

hush-hush naval drawings out of cynical young foreign attachés, Flo pulled it off by the sheer macabre fascination of a pan like a bus-accident and a gift for the Human Touch.

"What an awkward boy (sniff) you are, dear! Why not give them silly old plans to Auntie?"

"No."

"Excuse me saying so, dear, but you remind me (sniff) of my sister-in-law's eldest, Albert his name is, he drove poor Aggie crazy. Did I tell you about her (sniff) operation?"

Long before the last obstetric details the rabbit had succumbed to the snake. That's the



type. The Ogpu model won't work in these islands. We don't like terror, we like 'em folksy.

Case

VEGETARIANS fiercely denouncing a citizen recently in trouble in the Home Counties for biting off the top of his girl-friend's father's right ear during a discussion—cf. the Russian Admiral in Rimsky-Korsakov's memoirs who bit off a sailor's nose in similar circumstances—are themselves, of course, protected by the test-case of *Widger v. Upchuck* (1888, L.R.CCXLI, 189ff., &c., Cheese, J.), in which a

vegetarian defendant pleaded that he bit a lady because she looked like a turnip.

Mr. Justice Cheese's summing-up on appeal emphasised a vital point:

"Had the complainant merely resembled a turnip, the defendant's act would have been ultra vires, and champerty in fee-simple. But as the complainant, according to the evidence, also *tasted like a turnip*, I am of opinion that the case must be dismissed, with costs."

Adding merrily: "Only a dope takes two bites at one *chérie*," his Lordship then skipped nimbly off the Bench in his dinky red dressing-gown, executing three pirouettes and a *tour-en-l'air frappé aux champignons*.

Nisnaffery

GIVE that *wohltempierte* Klavier the works!" jolly old Papa Bach used to roar at timorous girl-pupils, and we wished he were alive to deal with a genteel critic recently flattering a girl for "neatly fingering" the keyboard of a concert grand.

Contemplating a sweetheart of this type trifling in a wellbred way with a Brahms concerto we were once moved to Augustan verse:

When dainty *Celia* strokes the keys
I think of ladies serving teas,
Or frosty maidens having fun
With sabibs in South Kensington;
But when my mighty *Cynthia's* arms
Prepare to take a sock at Brahms
I laugh to see the critics blench
And shrink from that enormous wench!
It makes for trade; it keeps her fit;
And Broadwood reaps the benefit.

We mention Broadwood (gratis) because the original Broadwood knew Chopin, and through him George Sand, thereby getting the lowdown on huge truculent girls and their devilries when roused.

Check

ONE perceives from the American Press that Prince "Mike" Romanoff, now running a Hollywood restaurant, takes a frigid view of the President's recent suggestion of voluntary food-rationing for Europe's sake. Which seems a pity, for Prince Mike used to be the most benevolent and *sympathique* of ho-hum royalties, even when all the Broadway wits were razzing him to death.

One wonders vaguely what King Antony I of Great Britain and Ireland has to say about the Prince. It's about six years since his Majesty, amid the hysterical giggles of the Fleet Street boys, issued his last proclamation to his loving subjects. King Antony promised (we find on looking it up) to wipe out all Government and other deficits on attaining his throne and to encourage bicycling among the Island Race; a typically kindly, homely thought, worthy of Good King Dagobert or the King of Yvetôt. *Vivat Rex Antonius!*

Afterthought

ANOTHER view worth having would be that of the *de jure* King of Poland, whose flowing hair and crimson cloak used till recently to brighten Bloomsbury. In fact we'd like to see a Trade Union of all the unofficial uncrowned heads of Europe giving Prince Mike a dignified rocket. It's unfortunately too late to include all the 589 bogus Tsarevitches of Russia, past and present, who are probably liquidated by now. Leaders of the racket like the False Demetrius, who nearly bumped Tsar Boris Godounov (as all opera-fans know), and the Cossack Pougatchov, who'd have done the same for Catherine the Great if he hadn't been cockeyed at the time, are the type the Union would need. Romanoff, little white uncle, you've let the side down.

Inhibition

PROPOS our recent note on Slogger Kipling's servile acquiescence when ordered to shave in his last term at Imperial Service College, an educationist points out to us that fortunately the recent LCC ban on Punch and Judy as "uneducational" for the young does not apply to modern prep. schools of the more expensive kind, where the young are encouraged by Punch's example to spit in their kindly preceptor's eye and to bash all and sundry.

Anxious mothers, we gather on enquiry, even write to the Head in the holidays asking for more of it.

... but we are rather worried about darling Eric. He still curses us *beautifully* when asked to do anything, but last week, when Nanny irritated him, and we expected him to mutilate her *quite a lot* with his new set of carpenter's tools, he merely sawed her left ear in a perfunctory way and sulked all day! Surely he is losing the *gift of self-expression*? Last Easter he threw baby into the dustbin most amusingly. ... Don't you think a *little* more Punch and Judy ...?

Full of buckshot and groaning on his bed of pain, owing to the recent vivacity of a six-year-old with a new rook-rifle, the Head agrees.

Model

ARTISTS drawing or painting in the open do not care (we gather from a recent *Times* correspondence) to have the public breathing down their necks and offering free criticism and advice.

This petulance is due simply to spiritual pride and should be conquered. The proper attitude is that of a chap we saw recently in Concarneau, committing to paper, with chalks, that glimpse of the fishing-fleet seen through that medieval arch in the ramparts, familiar to habitués of a thousand Salons and Royal Academies. Over his shoulder hung a postman, two unoccupied housewives, several children, a stout citizen holding a bicycle, and one or two rugged marine characters in jerseys, all offering advice. Though we don't know the local patois it was easy to guess the trend of it. Gay and matey good-feeling was the obvious atmosphere.

"A little more chiaroscuro under the keystone, perhaps?"

"True, true. I overlooked it."

"You don't mind my pointing out that your line lacks dynamism?"

"Madam, you are too kind. It shall be corrected."

"Surely that third mast is out of perspective?"

"My child, I am infinitely obliged to you."

No petulance, no conceit at all. That's how the Art boys make themselves tolerated and even liked, instead of having to hide from public resentment behind club armchairs in Arlington Street and Old Church Street, Chelsea.

EMMWOOD'S AVIARY: NO. 13

A close relation of the woodpecker, this bird advertises its presence by the accumulation of large heaps of perfectly worthless débris



The Lesser-Known Knicknaca—or Hobby Hawk

(Fretwurca-Frenzicata)

ADULT MALE: General colour grey fulvous above, often crested; beak sharply curved and blue in colour, often tufted with scraggy feathers at base; plumed over eye-sacs and to the rear of the mandibles; body feathers, outer coverts striped, inclined to gay patterns on the breast, often to be seen with "apron" of feathers at base of abdomen; shanks spindly; feet leathery and slippery.

HABITS: This quaint little bird is most retiring in its ways. Being somewhat shy it prefers to keep to its own nest, or den. The bird feeds almost exclusively on knicknacs; its busy little "Tap-Tap-Tap," punctuated by its pitiful wailing cry, a kind of "Ouch-Ouch," as it misses its mark,

may often be heard in and around the villas of Suburbia. The Knicknaca cuts a pathetic little figure as it struts around after successfully finishing off a knicknac. At other times it hops around in great agitation, which is even more pathetic.

HABITATS: The species prefer to settle in Suburbia, but may often be found farther afield, gazing with slavish admiration at well-known monoliths, Albert Memorials and other recognised public knicknacs.

ADULT FEMALE: Rather rare, although it is known that the female is apt to bully the male somewhat.

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

Nor the least interesting amongst the presents to the Royal bride is the filly given to H.R.H. by the Aga Khan. She is only eight months old at the moment, and so her name is a matter for future consideration. She was bred in Ireland at the Aga's stud at The Curragh, and is by H.H.'s horse, Turkhan out of Hastia, who was by Hyperion. With a lineage like this she might be good enough for anything. Turkhan won the wartime Leger at Thirsk, and is by Bahram, winner of the 1935 Two Thousand, Derby and Leger. Lord Derby's Hyperion by Gainsborough won the 1933 Derby and Leger and may be claimed to be one of the greatest sires of all time. It is looking ahead a bit, but if this filly does not win a classic, then there is nothing in breeding. Wedding Belle might not be an unsuitable name! Turkhan ran second in Pont L'Évêque's Derby (1940), run at Newmarket, because at that time Epsom was not exactly a health resort.

Liverpool

THERE is always a tendency to look a bit too hard at early-on performances, and this is as true of the jumpers as it is of the flat. After the Middle Park and the Dewhurst, quite a lot of us are convinced that we have seen the winner of the following year's Derby, and, similarly, after the November 'chasing at Aintree, we are apt to say that Dogsboddy or Flatfoot or Cowhock, or something else, is certain to win the National next March; that either one or all of them are the "Aintree type," and that it will be a mighty smart thing to take a price at once and sit pat.

This sort of thing, of course, has come off sometimes, but not very often. There is a long and bumpy road between November and March. Personally, I believe that the best way is to make a few jottings, preferably from personal observation, sit on them, and take no price at all until the very last possible moment.

Here are a few personal notes of which you can take notice, or otherwise, just as it suits your fancy: (1) I hope that gallant Prince Regent will be spared the fate of that other brave horse, Sergeant Murphy, who was eventually killed at Bogside. In the last National Prince Regent took a good many liberties, excusable in one who had done so much, and at twelve years old had the packet of 12 st. 7 lb. on his back. In this Becher 'Chase (only 2½ miles) he plainly said: "Haven't I done enough? The next answer may be a lemon!" He has done his bit and earned his pension. (2) First of the Dandies, who ran second in the Becher, well beaten, performed far from badly in the National till he fell the first time round at the thirteenth fence. (3) As to the Sefton: of the three placed ones, Housewarmer was the only one to get the National course in this year's race; he finished sixth, and jumped well. He looked like winning the Sefton over the last fence, but Good Date had the legs of him on the flat.

Both this winner and Musical Lad, who finished third, fell in the National; but Musical Lad was going and jumping very well when they crossed the water, where he was lying second, close up to Lough Conn. He later fell, or was brought down, at the Canal Turn, or thereabouts, but at the old ditch place, I think. Nett result of these three: Housewarmer and Musical Lad worth observing, especially the former because of his National performance. No definite conclusion is possible because of the great differences in the distances. (4) We do not know how good this Irish newcomer Cloncarrig may be, because, until he won the Molyneux 'Chase, no one over here had seen him. He treated the big obstacles like so many sheep hurdles, and won in a canter. He is a hurling great horse, nearly 17 hands, rising eight, and they say may be kept in pickle for the Grand National of 1949.

Nothing had any chance with him on November 7th. He started a strong favourite

for the Irish Grand National 3½ miles at Fairyhouse on April 7th and ran indifferently. Revelry, who had been disappointing until then, won easily by 10 lengths. Weights, Revelry 11 st. 5 lb., Cloncarrig 10 st. 13 lb. The course was deep and holding. In the Grand National at Aintree, Revelry, who started second favourite to Prince Regent, fell at the first fence.

"Working Dogs of the World"

THIS excellent new book by C. L. B. Hubbard, published by Sidgwick and Jackson, Ltd., at 16s., is the best of its kind which I, personally, have come across, Vero Shaw's accepted classic not excepted. The author's knowledge of his subject is profound, and he possesses that exceptional gift of passing it on to the reader without making him feel that he is being taken back to school again. The historical references in themselves are sufficient to rivet the attention of even those who are not particularly interested in the dog, working or otherwise. Mr. Hubbard displays such a wide knowledge and is such a good preceptor.

It is naturally impossible in the limited space in this page to review all that the author has to tell us about the 213 varieties to which references are made, or even to do full justice to the 83 which are described in detail, and so I am driven to picking out a few of the plums which appear to me to be most attractive. For instance, the chapter on the St. Bernard, whose history Mr. Hubbard so rightly remarks is rich in historical legend. The author says that it is pretty well established that in the beginning the St. Bernard's progenitors were such animals as the ancient Mollussum of Greece and the great mastiff of Tibet.

Needless to say, I have never met the former, but the latter I knew quite well in a big fortress called Gyantse Jong, which had to be stormed in 1904 because it blocked the road of the little army en route to Lhasa. There were plenty of them in the Jong left behind by their masters, and tied with just sufficient length of rope to allow them to bar the door. This they did very effectively, as all good watchdogs should. Mr. Hubbard writes: "Tibet might easily be regarded with some truth as the cradle of the world of dogs, especially of such breeds as are of the mastiff type, the descendants of Simocyon"—a dog of the Miocene period.

In the earlier part of the book, Mr. Hubbard refers to the Boke of St. Albans, which, he says, as have other people, was written by Dame Juliana Berners, or Barnes or Bernes. Having had to busy myself very considerably over this lady in a hunting book of my own, the production of which has been held up for some unaccountable reason for the thick end of two years, I say that I doubt whether Juliana ever existed. Her name does not occur in the list of the Abbesses of Reading or of any other Convent. In Edward II.'s not very savoury days, one William Twici, or Tweti, was "Chief Huntsman" to the King, and the authorship of the earliest treatise on hunting in England, *The Red Boke of St. Albans*, has been ascribed to him. One chapter only was written by a certain Julian Barns, whoever he may have been, but the credit for the Red Boke, and anything earlier, must go to Twici or Tweti.

Early Birds

IF advertising in editorial precincts were not strictly forbidden, I should much like to put a name on the early bookmaking birds, for I think they deserve all the worms that they can catch! They are laying 8 to 1 each of three in the Derby, 12 to 1 each Pride of India and The Cobbler; 8 to 1 each of four, 10 to 1 Pride of India in the Guineas; 25 to 1 the field on the National, all in, run or not. I think this is a fair offer, particularly where the National is concerned, for the mathematical odds against a horse completing the course, work out at 4 to 1.



The Hon. Diana Conolly-Carew, who is the elder of Lord and Lady Carew's two daughters



The Hon. Gerald Conolly-Carew. His mother is the Earl and Countess of Lauderdale's only daughter



The Hon. Patrick Conolly-Carew, Lord Carew's elder son and heir



R. Clapperton
The Hon. Anne Maitland, younger daughter of Viscountess Maitland and the late Viscount Maitland, who was staying with her cousins at Thirlestane Castle, Lord and Lady Lauderdale's Scottish home

Grandchildren of the
Earl of Lauderdale

Scoreboard



IN a recent match of very important Soccer a forward, after heading a goal, collapsed. While he lay on the ground, he was kissed by a fellow-player. One spectator shouted, "Don't kiss a fellow when he's down!"; another bawled, "Take her home for mother to see!" Meanwhile, Pandemonium and Chaos respectively broke loose

and reigned. The referee blew his whistle, but, in his excitement, he put the wrong end in his mouth; and no sound issued. So, concluding, erroneously, that he had either gone deaf or lost the power of blowing, he fainted from shock. Thus there were now two individuals stretched out, one being kissed, one not; at any price.

EVENTS then moved almost too fast, as the Calendar remarked when thrown out of the window. A linesman signalled frantically for "offside," but desisted when struck on the right parietal bone by a champion potato, till then the property of a Mr. Alfred Bunn, an unpopular Home Counties seedsman and florist. This action, understandable in itself, was later stigmatised as undemocratic in tendency and two unopened letters to the daily Press.

While the linesman and Mr. Bunn were exchanging views on heredity, two medical practitioners, by-passing the referee, arrived to

examine the prostrate marksman. The first diagnosed delayed concussion; the second, who sported pince-nez and a waxed moustache, remarked, "Where there has been virtually no delay, there cannot, by virtue of the circumstances, exist a virtual condition of delayed concussion."

Stung by all this virtue, the first doctor drew from his bag a morocco-bound edition of State Control Versus Birth Control and brought it down on his colleague's head with a sound like an elephant bursting. The assaulted quack, reaching for his stomach-pump, joined battle. At this juncture the Fire Brigade arrived and, finding no fire, demanded free Season Tickets. Meeting with what was tantamount to a refusal, they besieged the Club officials in the usual offices; then, having filled their helmets with beer, they drove off, cheering and singing "The Fireman's Farewell."

At last, the tumult and the shouting died. Everyone else recovered.

LAY OF THE LONELY LEFT OUTSIDE.

(With a few apologies to the dear old words and tune.)

No one ever kissed me,
'Cos I'm left outside;
All the kissing's always missed me,
'Cos I shoot so ruddy wide.

No one ever whispered
Words to make me thrill;
And, until I shoot much straighter,
No one flipping well will.

Kindly remember the lilt in the last line but one; or, for all I care, forget it.

TURNING to the comparative calm of Rugby football, Oxford v. Cambridge comes up for argument at Twickenham next Saturday. Gazing into my crystal, I see both sides winning, and sunshine with rain; I see millions of motor-cars, running on sheer defiance and at 2 m.p.h. on every road between Hounslow and Clapham; I see hundreds of citizens shuttling in and out, mostly the former, of the Star and Garter, Richmond; I see dozens of musicians belting banjos, with one eye on the privy purse and the other on P.C. 49; I see three out of twenty-four passengers at the base of the scrum in a railway compartment disputing the forwardness of a vital pass.

Now, I chuck my crystal into the corner, and that old dupe memory slides back to 'Varsity matches at Queen's Club, West Kensington, in excitement as dense and fog even denser. Greenwood looms out, tremendous in leadership of the Cambridge pack; Forsyth, holding the Oxford line and a desperate margin of 3; Nesser, a forward turned perforce fly-half, scoring two tries—yes, I know, sir; you remember far earlier and far greater heroes. Well done; be happy, and agreeably inaccurate, in your memory. It's free of Purchase Tax; at the moment.

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Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

"Shelley in Italy"

"The Undertaker's Wife"

"Night Darkens the Street"

"SHELLEY IN ITALY" (The Chiltern Library, John Lehmann; 8s. 6d.) is an anthology of that poet's poems, selected by and with an introductory essay by John Lehmann. It includes the important "Defence of Poetry." "I have endeavoured," says Mr. Lehmann, "in this volume to select, from the great mass of poems, finished and unfinished, which Shelley wrote after his departure for Italy in 1818, those which most clearly demonstrate his genius at the height of its powers and the influence of Italy upon that genius." The trend of the Introduction—in itself an admirable study of the whole of Shelley from one angle—is to show the effect on the poet of four Italian years: years which were to be, also, the four last of his life.

For that effect of Italy on Shelley there would seem to be no exact word. "Release" does not quite fit—it is hard to see him at any time as a spirit clogged or in shackles; though anger, worry, ill-health, mortification, distress had been mounting upon him during the years in England. One feels, rather, reading these poems of after 1818, a gaining, then a continuous maintenance of height, as when a 'plane, after banking, circling and climbing, steadies upon its course in the high air. To fulfil itself, genius must reach the altitude for which it was built; and this happened to Shelley in, through, one might almost say over, Italy.

His reaction to Italy was on the scale of the poet he was—as a *man's*, and most of all an Englishman's, reaction, it was not unique: it is as though that other country were necessary to us, a fulfilment for which many of us have a hereditary need.

The debt [Mr. Lehmann says] which the literature and arts of England owe to the Mediterranean world is of immemorial antiquity and incalculable in extent. . . . The fertilising influence on these islands of the civilisations which have developed round the shores of the Mediterranean began so long ago, so many centuries before our first appearance in recorded history, and has been maintained so continuously, that it is almost as if we were ourselves a Mediterranean people whose country had somehow got adrift and been washed out into the Northern seas before it could find anchorage again. And neither the slow erosion of classical education during the last 100 years, nor all the sentimentality that was once in vogue about a "rough island breed" and blood-brotherhood with the Teutonic peoples of the North have been able to obscure this central truth about our cultural ancestry for long; to-day, perhaps, we are more conscious of it than for many decades past, because we have become delvers among the roots and ruins and call upon the great spirits of the past to be our guides through the Cimmerian darkness of the atomic future. . . . The plays of Shakespeare and the poems of Milton are inconceivable without the revelation of the Italian Renaissance; and ever since their times the same fire, now waxing, now

waning, but never extinguished, has glowed through our poetry.

Shelley himself, in a letter written the day of his first arrival, records the impact of a peculiar joy. "No sooner had we arrived in Italy, than the loveliness of the earth and the serenity of the sky made the greatest difference in my sensations. I depend on these things for life. . . ." Not only did the senses drink in immediately light; there was antiquity—he went at once to see the triumphal arch of Augustus at Susa. "A ruined arch of magnificent proportions, standing in a kind of road of green lawn overgrown with violets and primroses, and in the midst of stupendous mountains. . . ."

So much for the first day. Not less enchanted by Como, he wished to inhabit the Villa Pliniana with its backdrop of waterfall; Milan Cathedral was "beyond anything I had imagined architecture capable of producing"; a summer in the Apennines unfolded for him a landscape of changing lights, ravines, forests, quivering colour, torrents and thunderstorms. A mission to Byron took him *via* Florence to Venice—the two poets rode on the Lido sands. Then Rome; Naples, with the country south of it full of ruined cities and temples; then the return to Rome. "At Albano we arrived again in sight of Rome. Arches after arches in unending lines stretching across the uninhabited wilderness, the blue defined line of the mountains seen between them, masses of nameless ruins standing like rocks out of the plain. . . ." In the Rome he knew, still unkempt and magical, restoration and cleaning had not begun their work; the "mountainous" ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, amongst which "Prometheus Unbound" was chiefly written, were beglazed; trees flowered along the ruin's "immense platforms and dizzy arches suspended in the air." Spring in Rome, he said, "and the new life with which it drenches the spirits even to intoxication, were the inspiration of this drama."

"JULIAN AND MADDALO," "Ode to the West Wind," "The Cloud," "To a Skylark," "Arethusa," "Ode to Liberty," "The Two Spirits," "Adonais" are the most famous of the Shelley poems written in Italy. Shorter pieces—such as "Lines Written in the Bay of Lerici," "The Recollection," "When the Lamp is Shattered," "To Night"—return to the reader with a piercing beauty: had one forgotten

what poetry could be like? How many of us remember Shelley rather than read him? The outlaw of his own day has become the classic of ours, the school prize. . . . "I think," remarks that inimitably awful character in the E. M. Forster story, "*we* have seven Shelleys." Few households have not one—but, how often, in the glassed-in bookcase kept for the "better" books? What Shelley himself would have made of this frigid promotion one cannot think. Not the least of our debts to Mr. Lehmann for *Shelley in Italy* is, for returning Shelley to us in a brilliant blue-and-white cover—contemporary dress.

For, our semi-celestial contemporary Shelley is: he has no part in the distance that sometimes separates from us the other Romantic poets. In sensation and in his awareness of time he seems so near us that it becomes incredible that he never entered a 'plane or answered a telephone. I do enjoin the reader at least to attempt his "Defence of Poetry": the essay, placed at the end of *Shelley in Italy*, touches the core of our need and our feeling now; still more, the core of our feeling of need to feel. "Poets are," he says, "the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present."

"A Defence of Poetry" is dated 1821—the year preceding his death in the storm at sea. But what written to-day could be truer of our to-day than this?

We want the creative faculty to imagine that which we know; we want the generous impulse to act that which we imagine; we want the poetry of life: our calculations have outrun conception; we have eaten more than we can digest. The cultivation of those sciences which have enlarged the limits of the empire of man over the external world, has, for want of the poetic faculty, proportionally circumscribed those of the internal world; and man, having enslaved the elements, remains himself a slave.

"THE UNDERTAKER'S WIFE," by Theodora Benson (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.), is a novel fascinatingly unlike others in theme, form and, most of all, key. Indeed, it has a sort of strangeness for which only a musical analogy can be found. Superficially, it is a straight story of three people's lives; the social setting being the lower middle class, the geographic, a small old English Midland town, Sudstock, adjoining the larger industrial city of Bolcaster.

Joe, the undertaker's son and undertaker of the future, and Chad, the brilliant, cold-blooded son of the vicar, go to school at Sudstock together, and grow up—in spite of widening diversities of temperament and fortune—into lifelong friends. Lil, the third of the characters, is London-born: poor, honest by her own inconsequent lights, pretty, romantic, feckless and unresentful, she drifts, heart intact, through a series of love-affairs (or, at least, from protector to protector), developing an inarticulate philosophy of her own. Chance having brought her to

RECORD OF THE WEEK

It is just over a year ago since the complete recordings of *The Messiah* were issued, and now in commemoration of the centenary of the death of Mendelssohn the first complete recording of his *Elijah* has been made. The work was given its first performance at the Birmingham Musical Festival in 1846, when it was conducted by the composer.

On the present recording we have Isobel Baillie, Gladys Ripley, Harold Williams and James Johnston as soloists, with the Huddersfield Choral Society under chorus-master

Herbert Bardgett, and the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent. The organist is Ernest Cooper. The recording consists of thirty-two sides and is in every way an achievement. It is interesting to note that the soprano part was originally written by Mendelssohn for Jenny Lind, though she never actually sang the role, and Miss Isobel Baillie proves once again what a fine artist she is in this part. (Columbia DX. 1408-1423.)

Robert Tredinnick.

Oxford, her path, for a day or two, crosses Chad's: the interlude, which means little enough to him (he is enchained, disastrously, by an operatic star, Anna, whom he follows from capital to capital), disturbs Lil, becoming a turning-point in her nature. After that, at Bolcaster, where she has become a hostess in a dance-hall, Lil is to encounter Joe Honeysett; and I cannot feel I should be wrong in revealing that it is Lil (rather than the "pie-faced" Edith on whom Joe has set his affections) who becomes the undertaker's wife. Later, Chad, not having fulfilled the brilliant promise of his youth, returns to Sudstock, where he has been left a cottage.

Is there to be a "strong" situation here? Marvellously—if, to more conventional readers, provokingly—there is not. The story, not by oversight or omission, but as the result of unique construction on Miss Benson's part, has a beginning and an end but no middle. At the end of the first part (1894-1918) much is still to happen; at the beginning of the second part (February 1945) much *has* happened—and yet, it all does not seem to have mattered so very much: the middle part of those three lives is conveyed to us, as it were, in parenthesis. Events around which other novelists would have built and padded out careful chapters occupy little more than a phrase in brackets.

Miss Benson—do I make myself clear?—places her accents, in this novel, in unusual places: she is telling the *inner* story of these three people, and she supplies us with what she considers relevant to that. Her sense of the relevant being, I feel certain, in almost all cases true to her design.

Lifelikeness, in novels, is greatly sought—it remains so rare that, when come on, it can be disconcerting. I find *The Undertaker's Wife* a very lifelike book. It is not short, because Miss Benson can, where she wishes, expand her narrative powers no less effectively than she can contract them. The occasional almost non-chalance of her manner conceals precise craftsmanship; and, best of all, the novel is permeated with a sort of affection and patience towards humanity; with which cannot but go wisdom. This is exemplified, on page 164, in the passage where we have Joe, lying a-bed, reflecting upon his wife: "She had been a romantic figure and yet not his romance, a woman such as a man might love and he had not loved her."

Lord Bolcaster's son and daughter, their set, and the way this group's disillusioned muddles impinge on the quieter lives of the Sudstock trio, are sharply, if lightly, pictured by Miss Benson, making effective contrast.

In Night Darkens the Street (Nicholson and Watson; 8s. 6d.) Arthur La Bern—author of *It Always Rains on Sunday*—tells the distressing story of a little good-time girl going to the bad. I don't know whether Mr. La Bern's purpose in writing this novel was didactic: his Gwen Rawlings, though nominally fictitious, must have thousands of sisters in real life (now and then the spotlight fixes one or another of them during sensational "underworld" trials). They are the drab problem children of modern big-city society; not even qualifying, owing to lack of temperament, to be that more interesting nuisance, the *enfant terrible*. Little kid-girls run to figure, with no head, bolting from harsh, small homes in the hope of becoming glamour-girls. Something ought to be done about them—but, my heavens, what?

In the case of Mr. La Bern's Gwen, he puts on record exactly two decent impulses: she intervenes (when we first meet her) in a street fight, in which one solitary little boy is being bullied; and she feels a genuine devotion to Red, the band leader—who, inadvertently and with no particular pleasure to himself, becomes for a brief time her paternal, admonishing lover. Truly, Society gives Gwen a bad deal—or, at least, the law does; morally, she is finished by her first, unjust conviction. On the other hand, Gwen successfully gold-digs what *she* wants from Society. But the silly child remains at the core of the hard blonde: the child is still there when we last see her, tottering from the dock after the verdict in a murder trial. . . . Why she is not more touching I cannot think: I suggest that the fault may be Mr. La Bern's?



Mr. H. M. Gosling, Miss D. de Lisle, Miss D. Gosling and Mr. V. Stratton sitting out between dances. The ball was held at the Officers' Mess at Bicester aerodrome

The Bicester Hunt Ball



Lieut. W. Stirling, Mr. A. M. Campbell, Miss Bridget Stirling, and Lady Belinda Pleydell-Bouverie, who is a daughter of the Earl of Radnor



Major Colin Mackenzie, Seaforth Highlanders, Miss Sarah Beckwith Smith and Lady Anne Mackenzie, the Duke of Grafton's only daughter



Miss Gina Fox and Mr. Gerald Charrington, 12th Royal Lancers, take some refreshment during the festivities



Major-Gen. J. F. B. Coombe, C.B., D.S.O., dancing with his wife. Gen. Coombe is Colonel of the 11th Hussars



Col. A. D. Taylor, Capt. E. Heathcote, Mr. R. A. Meyrick, Miss Z. Brett, Miss R. Norris and, in front, Mrs. Edward Heathcote

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's"
Review



Liddell — McInerney

Mr. Cuthbert Liddell, of Virginia Water, Surrey, second son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Edward Liddell, married Miss Jeanne McInerney, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Blake McInerney, of the White House, Sunningdale, Berkshire



Stevenson — Wagner

Mr. A. Melford Stevenson, K.C., of 41, South Eaton Place, S.W.1, only son of the late Rev. J. G. Stevenson, and of Mrs. Stevenson, married Miss Rosalind Monica Wagner, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Orlando H. Wagner, of 68, Chelsea Square, S.W.3

Lenore



Coburn — Northcott

Major Donald Coburn, R.E.M.E., only son of Mrs. E. R. Coburn, married Miss Marjorie Northcott, elder daughter of Lieut.-Gen. John Northcott, Governor of New South Wales, and Mrs. Northcott, at St. Andrew's Cathedral, Sydney



Smallwood — Northcott

Mr. Antony Smallwood, elder son of Major-Gen. G. R. Smallwood and Mrs. Smallwood, married Mrs. Amyas Northcott, widow of Major A. Northcott, M.C., at the Cathedral of the Highlands, Nairobi



Stratford — Holdaway

Mr. Harold Stratford, son of Mrs. and the late Mr. Stratford, of Farnham, Surrey, married Miss Betty Holdaway, daughter of the late Mr. Henry Holdaway, and of Mrs. Holdaway, of Teddington, Middlesex, at St. Alban's, Teddington



Bastiaenen — Surry

Mr. Henry Bastiaenen, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Bastiaenen, of St. George's Hill, Weybridge, Surrey, married Miss Marguerite Lucile Surry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Surry, of Mill Lane Lodge, Gerrard's Cross, Bucks, at Brompton Oratory



Brandon — Ashurst Le Brasseur

Major Robert (Robin) Joseph Brandon, R.A., only son of Major and Mrs. R. J. Brandon, of Wick Hall, Hove, married Miss Patricia Ashurst Le Brasseur, daughter of Dr. J. H. and Mrs. Ashurst Le Brasseur, of Foley Lodge, Hove, at Brompton Oratory

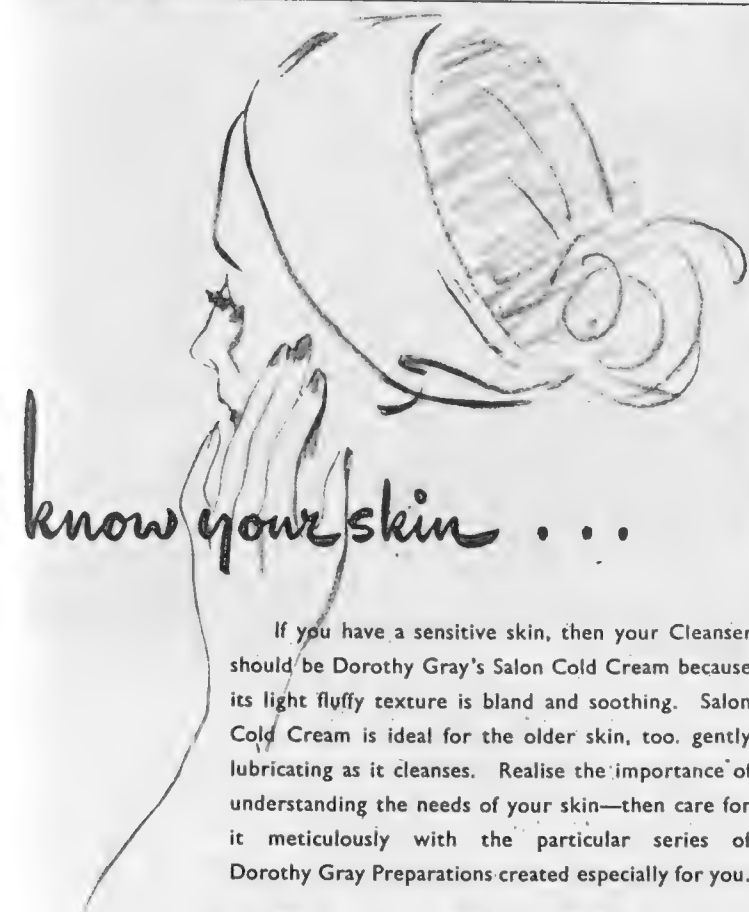


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Gor-ray models from D. H. Evans

Fashion Page by Winifred Lewis



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Miss Felicity Mary James, only child of Commander and Mrs. Rupert James, of Glebe House, Bedhampton, Hants, who is engaged to Mr. John David Morgan, son of Brigadier and Mrs. M. C. Morgan, of Arosa, Mill Gap Road, Eastbourne



Pearl Freeman

Miss Virginia Joyce Jardine, only daughter of the late Judge Willoughby Jardine, K.C. and of Mrs. Jardine, of 41 Sloane Gardens, S.W.1, who is to marry Mr. Patrick Adderley Morland Hughes, third son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hughes, of Dover, Kent



Miss Sonia Clary Bowring, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Bowring, of The Georgian House, Merstham, Surrey, who is engaged to Mr. Ronald Russell Prentice, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Prentice, of Rio de Janeiro, and 13 Monks Drive, London. W.3



Harlip

Miss Daphne Caroline Byass, second daughter of Sir Geoffrey and Lady Byass of Fairmead, Duffield Park, near Slough, who is engaged to Sub-Lieut. Peter Marshall Penniston, R.N., son of the late Mr. W. A. Penniston, and Mrs. Beaumont, of Nesbit Hall, Pudsey, near Leeds



Fayer

Miss Florence Margaret Cole, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lowry Cole, of Sprowston Lodge, Norwich, who is to be married in January to Mr. John Walter jnr., elder son of Mr. John Walter, of Bear Wood, Berkshire, and the late Mrs. Walter

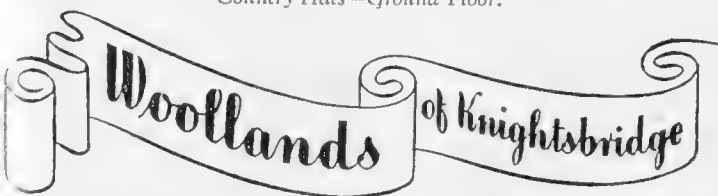


Senorita Paz Subercaseaux, elder daughter of the Minister-Counsellor to the Chilean Embassy and Mme Subercaseaux, who is to be married in Rome next month to Senor Don Mario Prieto, of the Chilean Embassy in Washington



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Spectator

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Oliver Sturges

on FLYING

MESSAGES have reached me from a number of flying clubs which make me think that instead of complaining about the hardness of their lot with all charges up and petrol scarce, I ought to have been congratulating them on an increasingly favourable position.

But I hope that the clubs which say that all is well are not deceiving themselves. Pessimism is bad for the soul; but factitious optimism is worse. If conditions are bad it will not help to pretend that they are anything else. The right note, it seems to me, is struck by the South Coast Flying Club at Shoreham.

This is the club which has the benefit of the services of the most experienced flying instructor in the world, Pashley, who I believe has been with them since 1912 and who is still actively engaged on circuits and bumps with pupils. The club's manager is M. C. Luckham, who holds a "B" licence and I was told the other day that our old friend Duncan Davis, who is chairman of Brooklands Aviation, is again taking a personal interest in the club. So the South Coast must embody more air experience than any comparable collection of people anywhere in the world. Are there any challengers for that title?

Expensive Jaunts

THE indignant correspondent who wrote to me to say that I had been "grossly exaggerating" the cost to the country of conveying members of the Government and officials from place to place by air, was perfectly right in stating that the country's business could not be efficiently done unless these men were carried free by the quickest method.

No business can be run at maximum efficiency unless the executives can get about quickly and at the company's expense. On the other hand that expense must be related to performance. A sound company keeps a check on travelling expenses to ensure that

they are worth while. For some work no travelling expense can be too high; for other work almost any travelling expense is too high.

The figures for some members of the Government just recently were given in Parliament and I would like my correspondent to ponder them in relation to the journeys that were made and their possible value to the country. I would also like him to remember that this sort of transport work is not a genuine benefit to the air carrying company. It is an accounting benefit only.

For the Cabinet meetings in August £998 were spent out of public funds to enable five Ministers to break their holidays with the least inconvenience to themselves. In all in August Government chartering cost £41,000. During the past six months the figure was £54,000.

Concordia Tour

So far as can be seen from the preliminary reports, the tour undertaken by the Cunliffe-Owen Concordia is going to be an unqualified success. The first half covering Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden showed that there is a demand in many parts for a ten-seat tributary transport.

The mishap at Stockholm when the nose wheel refused to extend properly and a landing had to be made without it, really proved the robustness of the structure for the aircraft was repaired and test flown in eighteen hours. The cause of the failure was also positively determined and measures have been taken to ensure that it cannot happen again.

Altogether I feel that the whole of this part of the Concordia's tour was an indication of what a really go-ahead company, determined to prove itself no matter what discouragement, official and unofficial, it may receive, can do. Remember that the Concordia has an almost unique record in date-keeping during prototype production. As I write I hear that the tour

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is to continue through Spain, Portugal, French Morocco, Italy, Yugoslavia, Greece and Turkey. I wish the crew and the company the full benefits they deserve from this courageous and practical effort.

Parachutes

I CONTINUE to make myself unpopular with the air line companies, with the aircraft constructors, with the Ministry of Civil Aviation and with others, by advocating the fitting of parachutes to all civil transport aircraft.

Yet the more I examine the matter, the more convinced I am that my view is correct. I do not believe in compulsion; and therefore I do not call for an official order on the subject. I merely appeal to the companies to fit parachutes for their passengers.

Accidents have repeatedly happened to transport aircraft when parachutes could have been the means of saving life. And I say quite clearly, publicly and firmly, that more accidents will happen in which parachutes could save life—and will save life if they are fitted. Will not some go-ahead charter company begin the good work by fitting chair-type parachutes to its aircraft?

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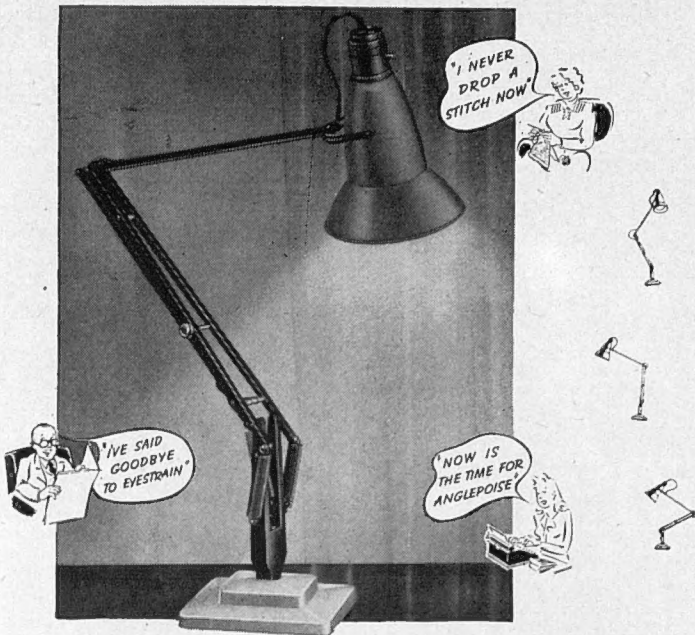
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